AUGUST 1990 ISSUE 7

WRESTLING THEN & NOW

Evan Ginzburg-Editor/Publisher P.O. Box 471 Oakland Gardens Station Flushing, NY 11364

A few years back, Ric Flair was scheduled to defend his belt in Philadelphia, pretty much like he did every month. I expected the usual great, or at least very good match from the champ, and the traditionally hot undercard as well. Unfortunately, it snowed heavily. So badly did I want to go to the show, though, that up until the very last hour I considered taking the 2½ hour drive. Common sense ultimately ruled out, and I stayed home, unable to stop thinking about all the excitement I was missing. Heartsick is probably the best adjective to describe my state of being that night.

Such is not the case in 1990.

Although I still attend cards on a fairly regular basis, car trouble, illness, working overtime, bad weather, or any of life's other curves take precedent. I'll still feel a tinge of regret when I can't make a show, but now **life** is more important than wrestling.

Maybe it's maturity or maybe it's just that wrestling generally isn't what it used to be. I don't really know...

What I do know is that I **miss** that feeling of regret..that something exciting and important is going on and that I **should** be there. I somehow want to feel like that heartsick kid again and hope that something or someone in the sport I love can rekindle those emotions before they're lost to me forever.

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Welcome back. And welcome aboard to new columnist Michael "Mr. Wrestling" Rush. Rodney Leighton also returns and he'll be starting a review column next issue. All bulletin editors are welcome to forward their sheets to the "Hot Rod" at R.R. #3, Pugwash, N.S., Canada BOK 1L0. Let me emphasize though that Rodney will have complete literary license and this is a **review** column--not just a plug so submit it at your own risk. I will not get involved...

Next issue also features a reader profile on Vic Stanley, a letter from Arena Report's Ron Lemieux, Gary Fishman's comedy, and a few surprises along the way.

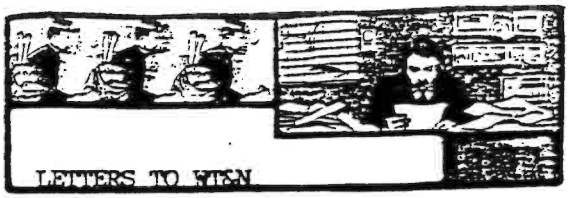
I feel WT&N is finally beginning to reach its potential as a forum for fans to relate their fondest mat memories. I **don't** see WT&N as a news sheet and **don't** think you want or need to read about Brutus Beefcake's injury for the 47th time. At the same time, I've lost a small pecentage of readers who didn't resubscribe so if there's something you think can improve in WT&N please let me know before I start patting myself on the back...

If your subscription expires with this issue please resubscribe and show your support. I'm also anxious for your letters and submissions.

As you see, we have a new look this month. Hope you enjoy...

By the way, please **don't** expect WT&N on the first of the month. I generally shoot for a mid-month mailing. If I'm ever a few days late, please don't worry. As I've said in previous issues, I'm here for the long run...

And now on with the show...



One of the best introductory angles ever has to be Spiros Arion's entrance into the WWWF more than 20 years ago. Antonio Pugliese, billed as Bruno Sammartino's cousin, was scheduled to team with Arion against tag champs Bill and Dan Miller. Pugliese had to start the match alone because Arion's plane from Greece had not yet arrived. Pugliese, despite the handicap, won the 1st fall. The Millers won the 2nd fall and were destroying Pugliese in the 3rd when (you guessed it) Arion made a superhot entrance, destroyed both heels and pinned 1 of them for the title change. Talk about paying your dues and working your way up to a title shot. Arion's debut led to his being a hot babyface (below Bruno, of course) for several years.

Evan, my interest in wrestling seems to parallel yours in some ways. I started watching wrestling in the mid 60s (WWWF on Channel 5 and then Channel 9) as a total mark. In the early to mid 70s, as a semi-smart, I watched WWWF on Channel 9, Lucha Libre from Los Angeles on Channel 41 (Spanish announcing), and Championship Wrestling from Florida on Channel 47. I was a casual fan in the 80s until I discovered the Observer. Since then, the bulletins have reawakened my interest in wrestling.

If you haven't done them yet, I would like to see reviews of Lucha Libre 1972 which featured tag teams Saito-Shibuya, Maynard-Dixon and Gordman-Goliath, and Florida 1977 when Dusty was more over in Florida than oranges or Disney World.

STEPHEN MEYERSON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

On the subject of Arion, I saw him wrestle Bruno after a heel turn in '75...one of the most intense matches ever as fans were out for blood. Covered Fla. '78 in Issue 5 & So. California '72 in WT&N #4...All back issues available at $1.25 per...**E.G.**

I enjoyed the June issue very much. The articles bring back many fond childhood memories of attending AWA shows at the International Ampitheater in Chi. The glory days of Dick the Bruiser, Crusher Lisowski, Bobo Brazil, Nick Bockwinkel, Yukon Moose Cholak, Verne Gagne, etc. will never be seen again. These wrestlers captured the bigger than life aura through the power of their personalities rather than resorting to steroids, hype and mass marketing. I truly miss the days when wrestling was regional. Cable TV and Vince McMahon Jr. have destroyed this spirit of family loyalty forever. If I can come up with a short article about the good old days of the AWA, I will submit it.

I was especially pleased to see your short article on racial stereotypes. Lately I have been running a 1 man campaign against this very problem, including letters to the sheets (1 printed in the Observer) and to the 2 major federations...I thought you might be interested to know that you are not the only one to find this matter troubling.

VIC STANLEY
Lafayette, In.

I grew up in East Flatbush, Brooklyn in the 60's & 70s. It was a racially changing area & the **majority** of my friends were Black and Hispanic. However, I met with much prejudice at school. Racism is a **CANCER** born of fear and ignorance. Bravo on your efforts...**E.G.**

Hi, good work on your latest issue. I enjoyed it. You brought back memories of my first experiences with wrestling. I can remember being 12 years old at my first live event and seeing the wrestlers up close and being amazed at how big they were in person. Also, seeing Jesse Ventura and Bull Ramos fight each other so hard that the top rope fell down when Jesse was shipped into the corner. Yes, those were the days!

CYNDY BIDERBEST
DUVALL, WA.

READER PROFILE- DAN REILLY

My Father Made Me Do It

My father...who would surely win the award for the "Guy Who Hates Wrestling the Most" is truly to blame for my addiction to what goes on in the ring today. It was him who would drive me to the Westchester County Center and the Teaneck Armory in all sorts of weather to see the likes of the Great Scott, Miguel Perez, Rocca, Apollo, The Kentuckians...the list goes on and on. For a guy who claimed to hate "rasslin"...as he calls it to this day...he still likes to sit in front of the tube to cheer the faces and boo the heels.

Those trips to the arenas are etched in my mind from the early 60's. Seeing promoter Wilie Gilzenburg chomping on his cigar...counting the night's receipts in the little box office just off the lobby of the armories. Gilzenburg some nights would greet almost every fan on the way in...knowing many of them by name. Thats when it was much more personal than it is today.

I can remember a chance "meeting" with the Magnificent Maurice and "Handome" Johnny Barend---I think tag champs at the time---rushing past the autograph hounds at evening's end and bumping into me...quite by accident...calling me a "little bastard, out of my way, kid". The people stood in shock as Maurice...wearing the top hat with the cane and the gloves...all the way out to his car...and no one dared follow them out to get that signature.

Another vivid memory for me was at the Elizabeth, N.J. Armory one evening seeing Wild Red Berry and his Kangaroos...Heffernan and Costello...stay very much in character and thoroughly ignore and berate all kids like me who wanted them to sign our programs.

Channel 5 TV out of N.Y. had wrestling on at least 3 nights a week in prime time. Ray Morgan hosted Wrestling from Washington, D.C. ("The Wrestling Capital of the World") while Eric Page hosted Wrestling From Sunnyside Gardens in Queens.

Nature Boy Buddy Rogers was the Ric Flair of his day. He and his manager Bobby Davis gave great interviews and did everything possible for us to hate them. Rogers' snarling, condescending attitude withthe ever-present arrogant Davis at his side...will forever be etched in my mind.

The names of Klondike Bill, Hans Mortier, Don McClairty, Cowboy Bob Ellis, Mark Lewin and Don Curtis are the names my Dad and I still remember.

Even though he thinks I'm a 40 year old goofball for still following wrestling...all I can say is "Thanks Dad for all those wonderful evenings together." I only hope I can be as nice and share those same memories with my three kids.

DR. SCOTT MOUTHS OFF

How come there are always physicians at ringside, but they don't have dentists?..I was a big wrestling fan in the early 1970's; I used to love to watch The Mongols, Beppo & Geeto, with their long pony tails in the back. Also used to likePedro "Would you like to say a word to all your Spanish speaking fans?" Morales. He always clapped his hands when he spoke...Gorilla Monsoon was great in his prime...now I lost all respect for the guy because he's just a shill for the WWF...The I.W.A. was great too. Even though Mighty Igor was a cartoon character he was fun...And of course champion Mil Mascaras with all his great holds...now you got guys like The Red Rooster and The Genius and all these clowns...I'll never forget the time we booed Ivan Putski so unmercifully during a match with Ray Stevens at the Westchester County Center that he gave us the finger...The other live memory I'll never forget is Jimmy Snuka climbing to the top of the cage at the Garden and Evan saying "No, I can't believe it. I can't believe it! He's not going to do it, is he?" before he jumped off the top. Nowadays he couldn't get up to the top!...Hulk Hogan wrestles like he's under Nitrous Oxide sedation...Here's my Top 10 list of people whose last names end in D- Cool Moe Dee, Heavy D, Sandra Dee, Tweedle Dee, JYD, Joey Dee (and the Starlighters), porn star Billy Dee, Joe D(imaggio), and noted actress and wrestling valet Ruby Dee. I'm also starting my Top 10 list of people whose names begin with Winnie...Winnie Mandela, Winnie Cooper... Winnie The Pooh...Winnie-bago...Anybody with more suggestions can send them in...

RODNEY LEIGHTON'S COOL 25

25 People and/or duos and/or groups I have lately seen and/or been in contact with and wish I knew and/or knew better (a.k.a. my attempt at writing a longer heading than Evan Ginzburg) in no particular order.

Sheesh--looks like I succeeded.

1. Mike Gunderloy (my guru; publisher of Factsheet 5, the Bible of the small press; $3 to 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, N.Y., 12144-4502).
2. Jeff Mullins (my hero; publisher of the funniest sheet in the business; $1 to RWRB: Sushi, P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, Ca., 95158).
3. Dick Freeman (good friend who lets me write reviews for his floppy disc zine, Plain Brown Wrapper, $2 to 130 West Limestone, Yellow Springs, Ohio, 45387).
4. Dave & Rena O'Hallaron (nice folks who put out a mostly music zine with a wrestling column called What Wave. $5 to 17 Erie Ave., London, Ont., Can., N6J 1H9).
5. Evan Ginzburg (Huh, who he?)
6. Greg Miller (good friend made through this hobby).
7. Teresa DeMarie (if she is so hot for one Hot Rod, perhaps another would do?)
8. Paul MacArthur/David Solnick (couple of cool dudes who allowed me to write some stuff in their sheet called Wrestling Perspective. $1 to PO Box 401, Camillus, NY 13031-0401.
9. Pattie Scalfi (hey, long legged redheads light my fire!)
10. Sherri Martel (I hate what Vince is doing to her/she is allowing to happen but, boy, do I envy her hubby to be!)
11. Jeff Zinger (Hey, gotta be one pervert, right? Jeff has released a GAG Special Thing for $1.50 or send him a check for $11.50 for The Special plus most of the back issues of GAG (including the Missy Hyatt Fun Club (which has a very seductive picture of Missy) to: 541 Devonshire Ave., Woodstock, Ont., Can., N4S 5P9. (Hey, J.Z., how ya like the bracket job?).
12. Mike O'Hara (a hard working and busy wrestling products mega producer who remains human. Write to: PO Box 651, Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028-0011.)
13. Karl Gotch (all time favorite wrestler)
14. J.D. McKay Jr. (only guy I know who changes his mind more often than me. I am sometimes in his opinion sheet, Ringside Reflector, but may not be anymore. To find out, send $2 to Route 2, Box 291, Louisville, MS. 39339).
15. Dayna Euhus/Marianne Ryan (couple of cool young chicks who put out a fan type sheet and responds favourably to constructive criticism. Send a buck to 1215 West Sherwin Ave., Chicago. Ill., 60626.)
16. Peter and Greg Rufulo (real wrestling fans; just read a copy of their monthly bulletin, Pro Wrestling Monthly: to check for yourselves send $2 to 568 Speedwell Ave., Morris Plains, N.J., 07950.)
17. Chris Rosten-Soares (one of the best singers I have heard in a long time. Her Child Again tape is one of my often played tapes. $9 from Elation Records, 322 Berkshire Lane, Stockton, Ca., 95207).
18. Tina Turner (what can I say--have you seen those gams?)
19. Jon Gallagher (yeah, I know. He likely hates me, possibly with just cause. Wrestling Forum is getting better and better. $1.50 to Box 65, Knoxville, Ill. 61448)
20. Stu Hart (Lord, what stories he could tell!)
21. Edouard Carpentier (second all time fave)
22. Marie of the Swedish rock group Roxette (Listen to your heart- and other parts).
23. Alannah Myles (the FOX; my current fave pop singer, female).
24. Fred Argoff of Roller Sports Report (1800 Ocean Parkway #B-12, Brooklyn N.Y., 11223. A monthly sheet covering guess what. Lots of news and views and thoughts. $1.75.)
25. Cher (all time fave female singer; all time fave turn on.)

How about that?

HOW I KNOW WHEN I'VE REACHED THE ARENA BY EVAN GINZBURG

Every so often I'll take a long ride to some unknown town and arena and inevitably Gary (Fishman) or whomever I'm with will ask "is that the place?" After taking such trips for many, many years I've become a detective of sorts and have discovered a few tell-tale signs that generally help me identify that I'm indeed in the right place.

The number one clue is that there's always one guy who would fit into Haystacks Calhoun's old blue jeans standing outside. It's always a guy so big that his physique reminds me of Norman's from the Little Rascals ("You don't have to call me Norman...you can call me Chubbsie-Ubbsie."). He's the guy who's getting a jump on things and already is voraciously chowing down. Inevitably I'll look at him and say to myself, "Is it really possible to get **that** fat?"

Then there's always the guy with the part in the side of his hair and the wet look (circa 1957). You can take one quick look and know he's never had a date, and his chances of getting one before the turn of the century are about as high as Pez Whatley's chances of winning the WWF title.

Also, there's the hyper kid who paces wildly as he awaits the wrestlers' arrival. Then he goes totally nutzoid when a wrestler drives by. "Look Dad!" the little hell-spawn will squeal, "It's S.D. Jones! It's S.D. Jones! It's S.D.!" Then in a touchingly domestic moment, Dad will stuff the fourth ice cream cone of the afternoon into young Damien's mouth just for a few seconds of quiet.

Finally, we musn't forget the dude with the square head, no neck, and Shemp Howard hairdo that I described in a previous issue. What's particularly scary about him is that there's not just one; there are clones throughout the entire country. I'm very concerned that it's some sort of communist plot to infiltrate them into our gene stream by cross-mating with the general population. If such is the case, it seems to be working.

Yes, when you become a road warrior (pardon the pun), like I have, you hit an awful lot of small towns and arenas. But now you know my travel tips and you need never be lost again. If the descriptions above are not sufficient, I've even been kind enough to draw a few sketches of some of the familiar faces you'll see at the arenas...

NOSTALGIA FOCUS- THE WRESTLING WORLD 1973 BY RON DOBRATZ

(**EDITOR'S NOTE-** Ron Dobratz's 1973 Record Book/Photo Album 1973 is a priceless momento on par with The Observer Yearbooks. He has allowed me to reprint some of the information. This column will be continued next month. Meanwhile, you can pick up the actual Yearbook from Ron for $2 from 11750 Graystone Circle/Roscoe, Il. 61073).

WORLD CHAMPIONS AT A GLANCE: 1973 will best be remembered by wrestling fans as the year of the Interim Champions...East Coast fans have long debated as to whether Pedro Morales or Bruno Sammartino was the better wrestler. Their Sept. 30, 1972, clash proved nothing conclusive, ending in a 76 minute curfew draw. NWA buffs have had a similar argument going, wondering whether Jack Brisco was actually better than champion Dory Funk Jr. Their many matches did not seem to change many minds. When 1973 began, Funk and Morales held the titles. When 1973 came to an end, Brisco, not Funk was the NWA Champion and Bruno Sammartino had replaced Morales as the WWWF King...The titles did not exchange directly however, as Brisco beat Harley Race conqueror of Funk, who held title May 24 to July 20) and Sammartino pinned Stan Stasiak, who had defeated Morales in Philadelphia (Dec. 1) 10 days earlier.

1973's TOP FEUDS- Big and boastful Bill Graham entered the Midwest, referring to himself as the "Superstar" and immediately made many enemies- none more intense than Wahoo McDaniel. It started when Graham slaughtered and humiliated Billy Red Cloud. Wahoo wanted revenge and tried to show up Graham at arm-wrestling, which he claimed he never lost at. With McDaniel winning, Graham upset the table and slammed it down on Wahoo's head, opening a bloody gash. As a result they have been matched many times on the AWA circuit, always creating excitement, with many of the battles degenerating into blood baths--especially when Graham is signed to face McDaniel in an Indian strap Match...It was natural that the powerful and cocky Graham would clash with the young weightlifter turned wrestler, Ken Patera. Patera became a threat to the muscular claimant to the arm-wrestling championship and was so resented. Whenever given the opportunity to compete, the Superstar resorted to cheating. Then Graham challenged Patera to his specialty, weight-lifting, and when it was obvious he could not win, rushed up to him as he held the barbells over his head and knocked him to the mat. These two big men continue to try and outdo the other...Ask Johnny Valentine who he dislikes the most in the sport of pro-wrestling and he will automatically reply the Sheik, as it was the Wild Arab who threw his dreaded fire into the face of Valentine in defense of Johnny's barrage of brainbusters. Not content to see Valentine writhing on the mat in pain the Sheik again threw fire into Johnny's face. This match took place on Feb. 10 and it was not until May 5, that Valentine could return to Detroit's Cobo Hall for a rematch. Big John was uncontrollable, slaughtering the Sheik, and then clobbering the referee who was trying to bring him under control. For that he was disqualified, but the Sheik was carried out. May 19, they were rematched, with the Sheik entering the ring first and trying to prevent Valentine from entering. When the enraged Valentine did get in, he gave the Sheik another good beating, causing the Sheik to hit the ref in desperation, to get disqualified to save his U.S. belt. Another bout, May 26, inside a cage settled nothing as both climbed out at the same time. They have met many times in Detroit and other cities since, in tag team and singles matches, always wild encounters. Twice Valentine has taken the U.S. title from the Sheik and each time he has regained it...The Sheik enjoyed the friendship and partnership of the equally wild Pampero Firpo, but by the end of 1973 a bitter feud has erupted between them. The Sheik accidentally hit Firpo with brassnuckles while he refereed a match with Brazil, then hard feelings continued during a few more tag matches until the break became final. Firpo having turned over a new leaf, disgusted with the tactics of the Syrian wildman...The tag partnership between Karl von Krupp and Ciclon Negro ended almost before it had started in West Texas, precipitating hard feelings and an exciting series of bouts, mostly won by Ciclon, whose active participation also cost von Krupp a lumberjack match to Ricky Romero...

MR. WRESTLING'S COLUMN

Hello readers! This is Mr. Wrestling, the all new addition to the "Wrestling - Then & Now" staff, coming at you with news and views from wrestling of yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

A question that often arises is that of how today's wrestling superstars would fare against the grappling greats of years gone by. At this point, I will now attempt to answer this quesion of the ages. However, I will not cite specific examples of hypothetical dream maches, which in reality will never happen, so they will forever be left to the imagination of you, the fans.

In general, the new breed of wrestlers easily outshine the old breed in the areas of size, strength, speed, and agility, but more often than not, they fall short to the old-timers when it comes to overall ability. The stars of recent times usually rely heavily upon brawn and brawling tactics. The stars of the old days usually relied upon brains and scientific wrestling skills. Also, many modern mat warriors use showmanship as a sure key to success, while most of yesteryear's stars survived on pure guts and determination.

It is safe to assume, however, that matches between greats of the past and present - if they were somehow possible by a magical power - would be incredibly thrilling and action-packed battles between the very best of two worlds. Who would emerge victorious in bouts between two of the best NWA champions, Lou Thesz and Ric Flair, or AWA champions Verne Gagne and Stan Hansen, or WWF champions Bruno Sammartino and Hulk Hogan? What would be the result of a battle between two of wrestling's greatest high flyers, Antonino Rocca and Ricky Steamboat? Who would survive a Texas Death Match between two of the most vicious madmen of all-time like the late, great Bruiser Brody and the original Sheik? What would happen when The Bruiser and The Crusher collide with The Road Warriors in a rough and tough tag team battle to the finish? Who would be the last man standing in a battle royale featuring such superstars as Killer Kowalski, Buddy Rogers, Edouard Carpentier, Frank Gotch, Harley Race, Bob Backlund, Jack Brisco, Antonio Inoki, Andre The Giant, Billy Graham, Nick Bockwinkle, Dusty Rhodes, Lex Luger, Steve Williams, and Sting? The possibilities for questions like these are endless. And since there are no real answers to them, I will now give a few words of advice to you the fans. Enjoy wrestling today, and don't let fond memories of the past slip by, because the future is coming!

READER PROFILE- SPECIAL EDITION BY GARY FISHMAN

Since the Reader Profile articles have been so successful, I have decided to write a second one for this issue- I am writing it however, for editor Evan Ginzburg who is much too modest to do one himself.

Evan's interest in wrestling began back in the early 1970's when he was switchingchannels and one day came across his first hero, Frankie Williams (whose picture still adorns Evan's wall). Evan became intrigued by wrestlers such as Moose Monroe, Pete Sanchez, and The Continental Nobleman Joe Turco, the mention of whose name to this day brings tears to Evan's eyes. Evan attended WWF cards each month at Madison Square Garden for years until such favorites as Tony Atlas, Ivan Putski and Big John Studd left the area. This year Evan has fulfilled 2 of his dreams; he began his own bulletin and he had his first date with a woman who had less stretch marks thanHaystacks Calhoun.

Even though Evan calls himself a bulletin editor, nomatterwhat question I ask him about today's wrestling scene, he starts telling me about some cockamamie match he saw in 1978. Evan's current favorites include such mat giants as Tugboat Thomas, Norman, JYD, and his new heroe State Patrol #2.

If 1976 ever comes back again, Evan will meet his goal of becoming the most knowledgeable editor in all of fandom.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS- 1)Free 2 pg. supplement next WT&N (NWA Meadowlands coverage/news/letters I didn't get to). 2)1 year subscriptions to WT&N now available- 12 issues for $12

ICW REF SCOTT DICKENSON INTERVIEW PT. 2

EG- So tell me about the wrestlers themselves.
SD- Most of them are good guys. Some don't like to sign autographs though.
EG- Why is that?
SD- Just an inconvenience I guess. End of the day.
EG- Do you consider refereeing full-time a goal for you in the future?
SD- Possibly; probably not. If the right offer came along I'd definitely consider it because I do enjoy it very much.
EG- Do guys of Tommy Young's stature make a good living?
SD- I don't know this for a fact, but I hear he was making a good living. Most of them don't make a lot of money, but I'd definitely consider going to the NWA or WWf if they made an offer.
EG- So by this point do you find the travel exciting or is it a grind already?
SD- This weekend I drove down to N.J. This wasn't bad. It's tough to go to Maine and back that night and tough if I have to work at my regular job the next day.
EG- How do you feel about the bulletins in general?
SD- I'm for them...I did one myself several years ago...it's good to keep us honest in the business. Some smart fans I don't like. Smart-ass fans I don't like...somebody'll yell out a wrestler's real name...that doesn't mean anything to the wrestlers. To me, if you're smart you don't act that way. I think most wrestlers would talk to you in an intelligent way if you just approach them that way.
EG- Tell us what New Zealand was like.
SD- 2 tours I did- 1 was 9 shows in 12 days. The other was 2 shows in 3 days. The tour was the first major league style wrestling they had in 6 years. They've had small indie cards that haven't drawn, but I think this was the first big tour since '84 when Ric Flair and Harley Race exchanged titles mistakenly. The British Bulldogs, Don Muraco, Abbuda Dein, Jim Powers, Larry Sharpe and his Pitbulls, Steve Strong, The Guerreros, Larry Picone, and The Royal Viking who's going to be a big name in this business one day, were on the first tour...drew well...second did fantastic- did about 22,000 people.
EG- How did the fans treat you in general?
SD- We couldn't eat a meal or go to the gym without signing autographs...I guess the wrestlers were very obvious because people in N.Z. aren't that large. The fans were very responsive...for me it was kind of different...I wasn't used to it.
EG- How do you find the years on the road affects the wrestlers?
SD- Many have been married more than once...
EG- So how do you think this would affect you?
SD- Well, I like the road from what I've seen of it...a different town every day...I'm not married or anything now. I think I can adjust...

CURFEW

Sorry to see the demise of Canadian Wrestling Report- one of better sheets out there...Michael "Mr Wrestling" Rush" puts out The Independent Wrestling Newsletter"- strong indie coverage at $2 per issue from 19 Norton Drive, Suite 1, Norwood Massachusetts 02062...What's the status of Wrestling Style-seems that many sheets are going under...Hotter than wrestling caught live--Chicago blues **god** Buddy Guy tearing up Central Park-ditto Curtis Mayfield, Afro-pop giant Papa Wemba, The JB (James Brown) All-Stars (Fred Wesley, Maceo Parker, Pee Wee Ellis)...Thanks to all who contributed this month and as always to Betty Tobin and Ethan Kende on the technical end of things...Thanks to Kennedy Typographers for their help with the art...I think that WT&N is slowly but surely developing one of the best veteran staffs in wrestling fandom-Harry White has a great piece on Sammartino in St. Louis next issue...Bizarro indie main-event of the month- Cactus Jack vs. Sandy Beach in a cage in N.Y....Bash card in Philly 8/4 without Horsemen as they had 2 cards that nite-again a big mistake on part of NWA...Recently Larry Saale wrote to me from Parts unknown but letter was postmarked from Centralia, IL. All these years I wondered where Parts unknown was and now the mystery's finally solved!...Remember to resubscribe if you're due...Bye for now...